

THE EXAMINER.

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LOUISVILLE: APRIL 1, 1848.

Sigⁿs of the Times.

On Saturday evening last, a meeting of the friends of HENRY CLAY was held at the Court-house in this city. The large room in the Court-house was crowded. With the political objects of the meeting, we as editors, have, of course, nothing to do. But we wish to refer to the eloquent remarks made by the orator of the evening, Charles M. Thruston, Esq., on the subject of slavery. Mr. T. said that all the old questions of bank, protection, &c., had given way to a more important one—that of slavery. Every one might see that this was to be the greatest question. He went on to speak of some of the evils of God we were rid of it! Here the pent up feelings of those present burst forth in the most enthusiastic applause. We feel that meeting has pronounced the doom of slavery—that then, at least, the voice of the people, was the voice of God! Let no one say now that our prospects are gloomy. Mr. Thruston said he hoped an emancipation clause would be inserted in the new Constitution. Here again he was interrupted by the most hearty applause. This may be considered the first vote taken on the subject, and not a voice was lifted up in defence of slavery.

This may be considered the beginning of good times. Let all orators throughout the State take a noble stand, as Mr. Thruston has done, and they need no fear that they will not be sustained by the people. The hour is ready for the man.

The Odds.

We met an intelligent mechanic the other day on the river bank just on his return home.

“Where have you been?”

“To Cincinnati—I had to go there, and buy some articles, which will save me full \$25.”

“How so?”

“Why it is so easy to get things there from Dayton, the railroad and canal afford such an easy communication from all parts of the State, that many articles can be afforded at lower rates. And a great many of our mechanics go there to buy.”

Thus it is. The free make the slave States tributary to them. We send them the iron; they work it up for us. We send it from the interior—from East Tennessee—the mountain region of Kentucky—and it is made at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, &c., into plows, stoves, &c., and returned to us. We raise the cotton, they weave it for us.

What is the cause? Why are we thus dependent?

Any Slave or Master?

Such was the question asked of us the other day by a man who came to our house.

“What do you want it?” we asked.

“I sell it in Cincinnati for manufacturing purposes,” was his reply.

So, then, we are contributing to other places, our very refuse wares made valuable to them, and valueless to us—because labor does not find a motive to manufacture them here. Who pays the piper? What forces us to do it?

Go Ahead.

We are to have two new factories here soon. That's right. They will add to our strength; give their enterprising owners a lift, then, and help them by a liberal patronage. The workers in them will be freemen. The more we have of such, the more will our wealth be increased. Let us stand by labor—for do it all we can.

Awake! Awake!

For the world is rousing up! Not alone here or there, not in the dark despotism of Austria, not in the grinding tyranny of Naples, but everywhere, in lands barbarian, as well as Christian! Awake, then, and answer the world's swelling chords of freedom, wisely, nobly.

And what has started—what, as will admit, has helped to swell this commotion—make the Alps ring, and the lowlands of the Mediterranean echo back the cry for constitutional liberty in all Europe, to annihilate Royalty in France, and lift above it a glorious ideal of Republicanism! Our example! The example of Republican America! Perfect that, then—let not slave, nor master be known here, give to one and to all the godly opportunity of doing and thriving—and, in fifty years this example of ours, will secure equality of rights and opportunities in every civilized land upon the earth.

Can we refuse?

The boy of Tunis, barbarian though he be, has abolished slavery. In his solemn proclamation, he denounces it as a disgrace to Africa, and the Mahometan religion. Hear you that, freemen of the South? Honest, Christian slave-holders, know you this barbarian's fault? You are not deaf. None of you, freemen or slave-holders, are deaf to such a glorious deed. Be the foremost then, in kindred acts. What though political perpetuators, madmen, almost, on the subject of slavery, run riot; what though fawning and cringing supplicants of the free States bend the supine knee to them—do you, brave Southerners, who know the evil and the wrong, and feel the injustice of slavery, do you, in your might, and act yourselves, in your own right, put forth your resolve, by lofty deed, make clear your lofty purpose—that all shall be free?

For yourselves, slave-holders, do this!

The old King of Sardinia, wise in his way—knowing what will be, anticipates the people's demand, by giving them a Constitution. Hear you not their shout of applause? Hear you not all Europe ring with his praise? Not thus, not because you cannot help yourselves, but because it is right, declare in behalf of emancipation, and there is not a land, far or near, not a nation, civilized or barbarian, where the people would not rise up and bleed you? With one voice, the generous slave-holders of Kentucky, would be hailed as masters of themselves, and true men of mark—as true men who love liberty, and would perpetuate it the world over!

It is charged again you now, that “you breed men and maidens, for sale in the market, as the greater oxen and swine.”

We have lifted our voice to defend the majority of you from this charge. We have brought upon ourselves severe rebuke for so doing. Yet let us do justice! The flag of the Union floats in eight of shambles where the traffic in human flesh is tolerated—within stones' throw of the Capital of the nation, the infernal commerce is carried on before men, and High Heaven, as it were just. Here, too, in our own beautiful city, where public opinion revolts at it, this trading in human beings exists, and men and women in coffins, ironed and gaarded, are shipped as if they were dumb brutes, to the far South. For this you suffer! For this the cause of humanity suffers! Until then, philanthropic slave-holders, and declare, come what may to you, whether honor or disgrace, wealth or poverty, that these wrongs shall not be, that you will have nor let, nor part, in a system which breeds a curse so insupportable, and that among the best and bravest, you will be first in demanding universal emancipation! This will dispel all such charges, and bring you, richly deserved, not poverty, but honor, wealth, and above all, and better than all, your own self-approval, man's love, God's richest blessing, now and hereafter!

In no other way can we stop the objections urged against us in autocratic lands—in France—in Royal England—in reviving Italy—that here, in Republican America—“Man is a thing, property, that marriage has no license, that family may be severed when marriage prompts an caprice wills.”

Is it so? In theory, this is all true. Examined by our slave codes, tested by our statutes, (and how else can foreigners know us?) the slave States of the South cannot gainsay it. There was a time, it is true, when the stout old slave-holder, RUTLEDGE, of South Carolina, or his colleague of wider fame, PRICKER, could assert, as they did, that “Religion and Humanity have nothing to do with this question, interest alone is the governing principle of nations”; but this day is past. Kentucky by solemn statute denies and denounces this cold-blooded doctrine. She says authoritatively, in her sovereign power, “no slave from abroad shall be aded to the number of slaves now on her soil.” But our soul is here; it is fixed upon us; it is on our soul; and, unless we remove it, declare that “all free, there is not a depot in Europe, not a hanger-on in her Royal Courts; not a noble, with or without serf-retainers; not a courtier, or court follower, who cannot point to Kentucky, and say: ‘See there, even in this boasted land of liberty, there are slaves—even there masters lord it over men, and why should we be called upon to abandon vested rights, time-honored usages, consecrated titles, heaven-appointed royalty, and its appendages?’ To clear your skirts, slave-holders, to free your country from a foul blot, to make our Republicanism pure in example, come out for emancipation! Boldly, manfully declare for freedom! Erase from the statute books the slave code, and let no man, no people, point to the records of Kentucky, as sustaining human wrong, or a Kentucky upholding, in any way, human oppression.

Our nation, as a nation, must move in behalf of liberty, and freemen and slave-holders of the South should help it do so.

What a thrill of joy animated our Republic, when South America declared herself free. How our people leapt with enthusiastic delight when Greece burst the Turkish thralldom! From the Halls of Congress, from the primary assemblies of the people, from the press, there went up but one sentiment and one voice. And what was the motive, the spring, of this action? That freedom might be extended; but our Republic might be enjoyed on our continent, and in civilized Europe! And what will South America think, what must Europe say of us, if, besides perpetuating slavery in our own land, we conquer other lands to extend it? Why, there would not be a man, woman, or child, out of the Union, that knew the facts, who would not hurl against us, burning words of scorn and contempt! Shall we put ourselves in this position? Will you, freemen of the South, will you, slave-holders, consent, through fear, self-indulgence, avarice, ambition, or any consideration whatever, to wake thus the world's scorn against you, and your native land? Rouse yourselves up then, stir up all your better influences, concentrate your energies, and make a brave, a great effort, to redeem yourselves from a biting curse, and the Union from a black and damning curse spot.

How Europe offers you, slave-holders, a noble example! Who leads the Revolution in Sicily? The Nobles. Who anticipates the wish of the people in Sardinia? The King. Who braves Royalty in France? Not one more enthusiastic for liberty than such Peers as Count D'Alton Shee, and Marquis de Boisy. Nobles and people, are for universal freedom. Consecrate yourselves, then, to the glorious cause, and let it be said of you, as the proudst honor earth can confer, or you win, that as far as they could, the slave-holders of Kentucky redeemed Republican America from human thralldom.

The New Territories—Who Makes over Them? The extreme doctrine of the perpetuators, that neither Congress, nor the people of a territory, have authority in or over it, as regards slavery, meets with no favor among Democrats or Whigs out of certain States. Leading prints of the South—among them we may mention the Raleigh Star, Savannah Georgian, Baltimore American—scout it, and the Louisville Journal denounces its author as attempting to foment sectional prejudices, and raise a sectional issue which no condition of things will warrant. It says, after declaring that the Wilmot Proviso presents no difficulty—for it raises no question, and that “the question of slavery does not appear to the General Government:

In the territory now to be acquired in Mexico, however, the author, in the general sense, has taken into it, after it is acquired by the United States, will, in contemplation of law, be free—that is, in a suit for liberty by such slaves, the Judge would be bound to declare them free. However after the admission of any part of this territory as a State of this Union, it would be for such State to determine whether it would have slaves or not.

The case is so. We have endeavored to prove it—if, indeed, proof were needed on a question so clearly settled by the Supreme Court of the Union, all the Courts of the South, and by the State action of Kentucky. We have forbade the introduction of slaves into the Commonwealth by the law of 1832, and we could not, on the one hand, deny the right to any other people, but let us, through this point, do as we will. But let us, through this point, do as we will. They are all together—employers and employed. They hire their labor, and expect labor to obtain means to buy for themselves. They fill up—by planters from the old States, who have left their homes and lands to exhaust again the rich virgin soil of the West. And what will be their growth? Just south West Carolina's was. They will start well—look vigorous for a season—flag—fall. For the vital principle wanting to sustain a State where slavery exists, as we may discern, if we will but look diligently upon the Northern States. Where there is labor degraded? All is reciprocal. If the former hires laborers, or the manufacturer workmen, they have no cause of quarrel with each other; no ground for ill-will; no opposition. They all toll together—employers and employed. They hire their labor, and expect labor to obtain means to buy for themselves. Thus wealth goes on accumulating—population increasing—and the power of the State multiplying with rapid progress. The reverse of this is the case in the South. There the slave comes in—degrades labor—robs it of its vital principle of growth—and leaves it poor, resource, weak in wealth, monotonous in employment, and sinks it lower and lower every year in all that gives or nurtures real power.

Nor can we, amid slavery, alter this condition of things.

We hear men say, “introduce manufactures, vary labor, scatter the wealth of the South, teach industry, force it to toil and become enterprising, and the South would be equal to the North.” Well, do it! It is easy to talk. The South Carolina men are at this now. We have before us an able article from the Columbia Carolinian, and two long letters, from distinguished citizens, asserting and showing, that the only “want” is “the resolve to do.” To make South Carolina as thrifty and thriving as Connecticut. It cannot be done. God's eternal laws puts this beyond the power of mortal man. Only reason upon it a moment, independent, wholly of the general effect of slavery upon industry. No man at the North needs cash capital to start with. Free air and a firm tread, and the opportunity to work, is all that he wants. Mr. Justice Story, he says:

As the several Governmental possessions the right to acquire territory by treaty or conquest, it would follow as an inevitable consequence that it possesses the power to govern what so acquired. The territory does not, when so acquired, become entitled to self-government, and it is not subject to the jurisdiction of any State. It must, consequently, be under the dominion and jurisdiction of the Union, or it would be without any government at all.

A brighter morn awaits the human day. When every strand of earth's natural gifts shall be a commerce of good words and works; when poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame, the fear of infamy, disease, and woes, War with its millions, and fierce hell shall live but in the memory of time, then, who like a patient libertine, shall start, look back, and shudder at his younger years.

Rawls, admitting the general view, restricts the right of Congress in one particular—that is, if we acquire territory, with a number of civilized inhabitants, having a particular code of their own, they have a right to demand its continuance, and it is only by the enactment of new laws by Congress that such code can be approved, altered, or rejected. The legal question as to territories is settled, if any thing is settled.

The New Horn.

Is it not rising? The old is waning, and old things are passing away with it. Not what is pure and good in them; those remain to purify and swell the light of the new morn? But the harsh discord of tyrannical rule is fast being crushed, and the harmony of a true social condition seen, recognized, struggled for. Long will it be ere we realize the song of the poet; but it will be realized. Let us toil on, never doubting, never fearing, patient, and full of faith in the end.

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France n' Republic. The Caldonia, with fourteen days later dates, (she sailed on the 12th inst.) arrived at Boston, March 28.

The Telegraphic accounts, however, are meagre, and when matters of such moment are pending, unsatisfactory. This is clear, however, that France has established a Republic, and that she is recognized as such by the principal nations of Europe. For details, see steamer's news.

All was quiet in France. Louis and wife, with Guizot, had reached England; Duc D'Autunne and Prince de Joinville, were off Toulon, and were safe. Very soon the people would meet to establish a Republican Government!

What may not a people do when resolved to accomplish great things?

John Quincy Adams.

C. F. Adams, we hear, will soon put to press his father's works. We are rejoiced to learn this. The son, in any country would be honored for his virtue, courage, and fidelity to truth, and the cause of human rights. Who so fit, then, to edit such a work? They were carefully revised by Mr. Adams, and will make, it is said, some eighteen or twenty large volumes.

Cincinnati Meeting.

The following resolution was passed at the Clay meeting, held in Cincinnati last Friday night:

Resolved, That we will support no man for the Presidency or Vice Presidency, at the ensuing election, who is not openly, avowedly, and heartily opposed to the institution of slavery in any territory of the United States.

An Advance.

Statistics of the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, taken from the Journal of the General Convention of 1847:

1835.	1847.	Increase.
19.	22.	9
Clergy.	763.	1,404
Communicants.	36,416.	53,500
		47,084

We call attention to the advertisement of C. H. Barkley. He is a trustworthy, industrious gentleman; and we are confident that business confided to him will be faithfully attended to.

Mr. SOURE, of New Orleans, was punished for contempt of Court, by Judge McHINNAN of that city. While in prison, he was treated like a criminal. There is something wrong here—in the court or the people.

Armed Force—Unarmed Truth.

Paris was surrounded with forts, belted in with them. Looking at their solid foundation, and their capacity for raining iron-hail upon the city, Louis said, his Ministers vauntingly declared, “we are safe, no people will dare to attack us; the armed men that master them!”

The people, the deputies of the people, in a pacific gulf, demanded their right. Opinion was set against opinion. The flush of light was given, and no unarmed truth, defeated Royalty, and his armed men, and turned their palaces and forts into hospitals, and pieces of refuge for the sick, and suffering, and wounded. Who need fear in the huge wreath, between truth and falsehood? Truth, unarmed though she be, will always conquer.

The Cholera had disappeared at St. Petersburg Russia.

Dr. SUMNER has been chosen Primate of England, to succeed the Archbishop of Canterbury deceased.

FATHER MATTHEW will be in the U. S. next May. Why not seek him in the U. S. now? Louis is the richest blessing, now and hereafter!

Obituary Notices.
We copy the following obituary notice from the Cincinnati Gazette:

Die of Cholera Diarrhoea, in the Military Hospital at New Orleans, 21st February, 1848; John C. Walker, aged 20 years, mouse, son of John C. Walker, of this city, and grandson of Dr. John C. Walker, of this city, and grandsons of Dr. John C. Walker, of this city.

This youth, smitten with the pangs and pangs of war, was a member of the late Capt. Kennedy's Company, Fourth Ohio Regiment; and after several months spent duty in Mexico; being prostrated by one of the diseases incident to the climate and the service, returned to the United States on the 1st ult., on his way to this city.

He had enlisted before entering the Fourth Ohio, and proceeded as far as Louisville, from which place he was brought back by friends. But being infatuated with the idea of the service, and reduced to poverty, he re-enlisted, and the end has been told.

The penalty is severe; but if this brief record of his error, and its consequences, can be made known to the public, it will not be forgotten. We may not disgrace our condition, nor mistake its consequences. If we do, we shall

here before us, even while we are writing, stand a native Kentuckian, who but lately pledged his faith at the altar to a fair girl, born in the soil, (no abolitionist, indeed he is full of wrath against them,) who says, “I would rather die almost than leave, but I will not and cannot stand the degradation which slavery puts upon me and mine.” Money will do much. It can buy men for offices—make slaves of them, if it puts a feather in their caps. But these is one thing it cannot do—it cannot make the intelligent laborers of our land submit to personal degradation—it cannot, if it were heaped before them high, as the Alps, buy them to sacrifice their wives and children. The idea—the hope rather—of our South Carolina friends—is futile. It can never be realized while slavery endures as it is.

What will it not accomplish? All as the poet says—

All is the gift of industry.

Whatever exists, embellishes, and renders life delightful;

Yet how are we to practice it—how obtain and perpetuate this virtue—unless we inspire ourselves and others with a love for it—with strong motives to cultivate and encourage it?

We may not disgrace our condition, nor

mistake its consequences. If we do, we shall

here it is.

versions are to be credited, there is no danger—it is said by one Journal that it has turned into his old age. We quote its language:—

"Nicholas is no longer what he was, the Quaker over ready to embark in an anti-slavery cause. At the commencement of his reign, Nicholas had claims of sympathy with despotism in the most parts of Europe. But of late years he has lost the manly sensibility, and, like Saturn, has retreated into a kind of remote and shadowy existence, lost in his swamy Olympus, and caring less and less for the interests of Southern latitudes. Moreover the Czar has—

"For a good old gentlemanly vice."

Bethought him to take up with avarice. In other words, he has turned miser, and thinks more of augmenting his store of gold roubles, than of expending them in national debts."

He thinks that as it may, England and France have an interest—an immediate and direct interest—in establishing everywhere, liberal governments as the best means of limiting his rule if he should will to extend it. With Austria and Prussia, no fear would be felt either of Russian aggrandizement or aggression! And this, when Metternich dies, or is put down, will be the European policy. So far, then, from dreading a general war, either as a consequence of the French Revolution (appalling quiet and order to rule in France) or of the establishment of popular governments, or liberal constitutions in Europe, we think both would give the best and most guaranty of general peace. The nations may and probably will have fluctuations—alterations of quiet and disorder—but their progress will be onward, and as they go onward, war will become less frequent, and the power of Europe be exerted more and more to uphold and extend the real freedom and happiness of man.

There is one feature in the French Revolution which we have seen but rarely alluded to, and yet which is deeply important to the world, that we should mention in closing our remarks. It is *social* as well as political. Indeed the social movement in France, Switzerland, and Sicily, we suppose, regarded as first—the political being merely a means of securing greater equality among men, both as regards personal rights and the rights of property, &c. But of this, and other matters, we must defer remark until we see where the Revolution will end.

Laughter—In the Senate,

Grave Senators laugh—A man's dialogue is witty, they pick up their ears as if it did them good; while witty, they shake their sides as if they would grow fat. If a correspondent of ours is to be credited, they had enough of it in the debate between Senators Fowle, of Mississippi, and Hale, of New Hampshire—and that comment folks may enjoy the fun, we proceed to give a sketch of it—

The topic before the Senate was the mission to Rome—the subject under discussion, the deficiency bill.

Senator Hale—*I must vote against the bill*—not because it contained an appropriation for a mission to Rome, but because it grants millions to the war. The mission was a progressive move for the administration. I hope others will vote for it. How much better this appropriation for a peaceful mission to Catholic Rome, than the other approaches for killing Catholic Mexicans! The only drawback I feel is, that I regard it as an attempt on the part of Mr. Polk to pander to the Catholic sentiment, as Mr. Hopper had declared.

Senator Foote—*quite exasperated*; I demand to know of the Senator, of North Carolina, whether he used this language.

Senator Hale—*Mr. B. not noticing the question*—I do not intend to inquire. If the Senator did not use the expression, I do. I make the charge. It is, to use a Yankee phrase, an attempt to *hock* for votes.

Senator Foote—*I pronounce such language vulgar, coarse!*

Mr. Hale replied with warmth and energy when Mr. Foote explained, that vulgar meant something common, mostly used with the people. The explanation was accepted—and amid laughter, of the most hearty kind, the debate was continued as follows:—We use Houston's report.

Mr. Hale—*Perhaps I should make some explanation to the Senator from North Carolina. I certainly did not mean to insinuate or misrepresent him. I am sure he will not suppose that I could do so.*

Mr. Barton—*Certainly not.*

Mr. Hale—*With the sentiments and, if the Senator will refer to the original, he will find that what I say is strictly true. "Vulgar" is derived from the word "vulgaris," which means the common people; and the term simply implies that the sentiment is common among the masses.*

Mr. Hale—*Ah! That is all?*

Mr. Foote—*Certainly.*

Mr. Hale—*Then I am very glad to find that we have some common ground.* [Laughter]—*Mr. B. not noticing it as he had brought me one of those big dictionaries which we had in the Senate the other day, when the Senator from Kentucky lost so much in not being present to hear.*

Mr. Foote—*Take care—that may have been in secret session.*

Mr. Hale—*If so, it has got out!* [The Senator, and others, listened to the speech with the greatest interest.]—*It is not well, for some of us, that the dictation was taken off the dictation!* But that is the *dictation* before me, and I find that I have the *dictation* to hear.

Mr. Foote—*What dictionary is it?*

Mr. Hale—*Written by one Sam Johnson; [Laughter]—I find, sir, that this vulgar word was used in common by that vulgar fellow, our friend, and his daughter, who by one Dryden, one John Milton, [Great laughter.]—One of them used this *swearing word* "panderer."*

Now, to the direct application to this very case, I said that I believed that this was an attempt, on the part of the Administration, to "pander" to the Roman Catholic voters, or Roman Catholic prejudices; and I gave credit to the Senator from North Carolina.

Mr. Foote—*The Senator has not read the *constitution*—Will he allow me to look at them for a moment?*—*He did not deny that he would be well for some of us, that the dictation were taken off the dictation!* But that is the *dictation* before me, and I find that I have the *dictation* to hear.

Mr. Foote—*Take care—that may have been in secret session.*

Mr. Hale—*If so, it has got out!* [The Senator, and others, listened to the speech with the greatest interest.]—*It is not well, for some of us, that the dictation was taken off the dictation!* But that is the *dictation* before me, and I find that I have the *dictation* to hear.

Mr. Foote—*Very well. Would the Senator affirm that "vulgar" is Parliamentary language?*

Mr. CAMERON—*Would the Senator be so good as to read the authority again? Some of us on this side did not hear it distinctly.*

Mr. Hale—*Certainly; with great pleasure.*

Mr. Foote—*Ye pandering rascals, there's a conspiracy against me!*

Laughter—*If I had searched the dictionary from beginning to end, I could not have hit upon a word which more forcibly expresses what I meant to convey!* This is an attempt on the part of the Administration to pander to the pa-

sions of the Roman Catholic voters. That is what I think. When the honorable Senator from Mississippi said he has great confidence in the Administration.

Mr. Hale—*Will the honorable Senator allow me to interrupt him for a moment? The most serious part of what I said was not so much a denial of his allegation, as a solemn call upon him for evidence in support of the charge.*

Mr. Hale—*I understand.*

Mr. Foote—*Allow me further to state my proposition?*

Mr. Hale—*Certainly.*

Mr. Foote—*If a person were arraigned as a criminal, and no evidence of his guilt was produced, I therefore invoke the Senator to adduce his proofs. I challenge him to the proof.*

Mr. Hale—*The evidence to be found in the absence of all proof to the contrary. This is fair mode of argument, the Senator must admit. When there is something palpable on the face of the case, if no other motive strikes the mind as being the palliative motive, then the inference is legitimate, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, that that is really the motive.*

Mr. Foote—*Suppose the Senator were charged with a grave offence, of which he was altogether innocent, though appearances were against him; and if he failed to adduce proof of his innocence, would he then be likely to find himself in jail?*

Mr. Hale—*Non constat!* The conclusion does not follow from the premises—not at all. But the Senator from Mississippi said that Pope Pius IX was "the man of the age." Why, I thought James K. Polk was "the man of the age!" [Laughter.] I should like to know what right any Democrat, sound in the faith, has to pronounce Pope Pius IX "the man of the age?" I did not propose, however, to go into this question of a mission to Rome. I rose only for the purpose of freeing myself from the charge, it is a compliment, I feel flattered. He says that my sentiment is becoming very common amongst the people. I agree with him. I believe the people regard this as an attempt on the part of the Administration to pander to Roman Catholic prejudices.

Mr. Hale—*I hope the Senator will allow me to correct him. I did not say that the sentiment was becoming amongst the people, but that his language was of a very common caste and character.*

Mr. Hale—*Well, I am a common man! I do not pretend to be anything else. And now, having exposed the attempt on the part of the Administration, as well as I can, I would appeal to Senators; and if there are any other ambitious men in the Senate besides myself, I would call on them to see to it, that the man who has prepared this, and is responsible for it, is brought to his proper punishment.*

Mr. Hale—*If I had any other personal ambition here, besides myself, I think he had better look well to this business. Did the Senator from Michigan speak to me?* [Great laughter.]

Mr. Hale—*No! I did not speak.*

The aposse question, and naive reply, says one, produced a burst of merriment in which the Senate and audience joined. Mr. Cass was goodnatured. He went to Mr. Hale's seat, and shook him cordially by the hand. The New Hampshire Senator carried the day this time.

Continuation of Foreign News.

On our *first* page will be found full details of the French revolution. We proceed here to refer to other countries.

First of Italy.

It has been the general belief, we have so thought, not only from *Mussino D'Alessio's* authorized pamphlet, but from the whole action of the Italian rulers—that the extent of the reform proposed by them, would be the establishment of *Consultas*, a sham merely of popular assemblies, and that in this they were *acting in concert*. But the events of January and February have settled the matter. The popular will demands popular assemblies—real representative governments. The voice of *Paterno* is echoed in the Alps, and from Piedmont to Sicily, Italian Princes and Monarchs have granted, or promised to give the people, liberal and just constitutions.

At *Asti*, of Sardinia, the Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, the Roman Pontiff, the King of the *Sicilies*, the *Roman Catholic religion* is tolerated, we are told, by the *Senate*, and by the *Chamber of Deputies*, the *Senate* having voted a *bill* to that effect.

At *Genoa*, the *Constituent Assembly* has granted a *bill* to the *Senate*, and the *Chamber of Deputies*, the *Senate* having voted a *bill* to that effect.

At *Verona*, the *Senate* has granted a *bill* to the *Chamber of Deputies*, the *Senate* having voted a *bill* to that effect.

At *Padua*, the *Senate* has granted a *bill* to the *Chamber of Deputies*, the *Senate* having voted a *bill* to that effect.

At *Mantua*, the *Senate* has granted a *bill* to the *Chamber of Deputies*, the *Senate* having voted a *bill* to that effect.

At *Bologna*, the *Senate* has granted a *bill* to the *Chamber of Deputies*, the *Senate* having voted a *bill* to that effect.

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At *Par*

Thrilling the Nordic—Mrs. Harris' Ball.

—*Every day.*

Au, deary me! what needless!—well really I must say,

All things are sadly altered—for the worse too since my day!

The pins have neither heads nor points—the needles have no eyes,

And there's ne'er a pair of scissars of the good old fashioned size!

The new bodies now are made in fine new-fashioned ways,

And the good old British thinble—*is a dream of other days?*

Now that comes of machinery—I'm givin to understand,

That great folks turn their noses up, at all things done by hand.

Altho' I'm easy provin to the most thick-pated dunce,

That things ar'n't done the better—for all being done at once.

I'm sure I often ponder, with a kind of awful dread

On those bold 'spinning-jennies' that 'go off, of their own head'?

Those power-looms and odd machines—those whizzing things with wheels,

That won't more 'keep moving'!—besides, one real feel

So surprised-like, and laid upon the shelf—

When one sees a worsted stocking, get up, and knit itself!

"Ah! that comes of those Radicals! why Life's a perfect storm—

A wild and mad inventions! with their 'Progress' and 'Reform'!

The good old days—the quiet times, that calmly used to glide,

Are changed into a steepie-chase—a wild 'cross-country ride'!

A loud view-hollos in our ears—away! away! we go;

A-leveing all distinctions, and a-mingling high and low;

All sprin'g on, with seats so tight, and prin-cipalities—*ahem!*Whilst over this old prejudices!—*slap-bang!*—that's the abuse!

No matter why—no matter where! without a stop or hitch;

And abuly had time to help his neighbor in the ditch!

And then, what turns and changes! Good luck! I'd rather be,

A joint in a Pantomime—than some great folks I've seen!

Because in Pantomimes, a stool may turn to anything,

You're not surprised, if chairs step out to dance a Highland fling!

A coffee-pot perhaps becomes a mitre by-and-by;

And everything is something else—and nobody asks why?

But there's a rage for questioning, and meddling now—days;

And what one does, don't matter half so much as what one says;

And a minister can't change his mind, without such stir and fuss;

That one would think, the 'public voice' was some big mouth;

Which takes you to a certain point, whereat you must remain,

Until the same old Bass may choose—to take you back again?

For, odd enough in all this change, they keep some order still;

And when they turn—turn all at once—like soldiers at a drill;

But what allow a public man, a private piro-

When once his part of Harlequin, or Pantalone, is set;

And that's what makes their Pantomime so dull, and such a bore;

That their joint-stool must still remain—a joint-stool ever more.

"Now that comes of Newspapers! I know in my young days,

Least said, soonest mended," was a maxim worthy praise;

But were I to give counsel to the Public—as a friend,

'Little said—and nothing written,' is the rule I'd recommend,

Such sprucing-up—and setting down! Reporters, left and right!

All bent on pinning down a man to lie, to black and white;

Such a set of Hansards! such flinging in one's face,

Any little 'apace lingue' that may once have taken place!

Such a fending and a-sprouting—and a-calling over coals;

As if it really mattered to our poor immortal souls;

That Thingambob should think or say, on this and so on, and so;

That foolish you thought and said—some forty years ago!

There's one thing in those papers, tho', I'm very glad to see,

That many more old women think very much like me;

I've even told that certain Dukes, will echo back my groan;

And sign for those dear golden days, when we left—well, alone!"—Lady Dufferin.

Record of a Feller Officer.

"You mustn't be defacing the walls hereabouts; you're old enough to know better; move on," was the warning addressed by a police constable to an old man on whom toll as well as time had pressed heavily, but who yet seemed less bowed down by these than by some great and bitter trouble. He appeared to have been writing with a piece of chalk some unintelligible words on the wall. On he moved, without a remonstrance, unless a deep sigh might be so interpreted.

It was a bleak, raw evening in autumn. Heavy rain succeeding to the dust of a fortnight's dry weather, had made the streets wet and slippery as after the breaking up of a frost. Thick lowering clouds, through which not a star struggled, threatened yet more rain. Wandering on apparently without any settled course, the old man stopped in another street (it was somewhere in the extreme west of the metropolis) with the same intention as before. His chalk was already applied to a dwarf garden-wall, over which, among some leafless trees, hung a lamp; when he was again interrupted by a constable on duty, who charged him with a design of leaping the wall; a harder task to him of the bent frame and shrivelled limbs, than scaling the walls of Newgate would have been to the sturdy questioner. But it was the constable's business to be suspicious, and the wanderer seemed to feel that it was in the nature of his task, whatever might be, to excite suspicion. Again he moved on as directed, with the admonition not to be again found lurking in that neighborhood.

The wind, as he traversed the streets, seemed to oppose his progress at every turn; and the rain, which now began to fall, was sure to beat in his face, whether he moved north or south, east or west. The poor old wanderer soon came to a standstill once more. The spot was lonelier and darker, and while the shower beat fiercely against him, he had recourse to his chalk, and contrived to scrawl upon some rough boards that enclosed the scaffolding of an unfinished building, amidst bricks and rubbish, a sentence or two, formed in lines, anything but parallel, and of letters of many shapes and sizes. He labored hard to make every letter distinct, and connected them as well as he could in the uncertain light; but the rough surface would have puzzled an able penman to write legibly. What he at last managed with such pain and difficulty to chalk on the boards, few could have deciphered in broad daylight; even supposing that the pelting rain did not wash the inscription away before day dawned.

Having finished it, he threw upward to the heavens, now entirely obscured by chilling and dreary vapor, a look in which a feeling of hope temporarily struggled with anguish and despair; and the smile with which he turned to proceed on his comfortless and weary way, seemed to tell of something lighter at his heart than a dull and

stifling sense of the utter uselessness of per-

sonal more than a daughter to him, was that hap-

less and innocent being. As the child of his child, she seemed to bear a double life, and to claim a double love. "Scent even to extreme poverty were his means; he was too feeble to pursue his occupation as a day-laborer, yet his wants he contrived to supply. And one day late, while he had been employed out of doors, the fair, plaiting, sweet-tempered girl, who was to him not more a thing that he should protect with his life, than an angel watching over and saucing it, suddenly disappeared. The lodgers in the house had seen her playing in the sunshine at the door; then a neighbor observed her at the end of the court listening to 'some musicians,' and another noticed her looking into a 'picture-shop' two streets off; beyond that there was no intelligence. She might have wandered into the wilderness of streets, been kidnapped, or crushed under wagon-wheels.

The old man was too miserably poor to pay for the printing of handbills; and for three long nights had he paced the streets of the city, east and west, chalking on the walls the statement of his loss, the name of the little wanderer, and a description of her person. He described the eyes and hair of his beloved grand-daughter:

"Lost, a little girl, named Mary Rose, six years old, had on a green spotted frock; blue eyes, and light soft hair, long, and curled on the neck; tall, and speaks quick, with a sweet voice. Wounded her from her grandfather, Green Arbour court, &c."

Such were the words, though not so spelt;

I know not how the incident may effect others; it may seem very trifling, but to me it appeared not undeserving a place among these chronicles of real life that record what is most profound and beautiful in natural affection.

What a heart of love had that old man and how impotent such words—blue eyes, soft curled hair, and sweet voice;

to speak the sense of beauty that made part of its overflowing fondness. How impossible by such phrases to make the stranger see in the lost child, the image of loveliness on which his soul hung until the earthly became as something heavenly? What a life-time of anxiety and dread must have been compressed into these three nights and days, so spent in threading the endless maze of children! *

It was a holiday-minking, a birthday celebra-

tion, and they were sitting up late, with sparkling eyes that seemed as if they were never to know sleep again, to a genuine snap-dragon, anticipating Christmas. The old man felt the rain less than ever, though it pelted fast upon him from the ledge over the shutters, while he listened intently to discriminate the various voices of the shouters, and catch them separately, as they broke forth and blended into one wild tumult of delight. Each in succession he seemed to note and dwell upon; from the low, inward, bubbling, heart-shaking laugh, intensely joyous, and struggling to escape into the relief of loudness, to the high-pitched, long-breathed, uncontrollable scream of狂怒 that terminates, only just in time, in tears and pantings. The same happy voices and the same wild laugh he recognised again and again; yet the pleasure within him died away, and his heart shrunk up, and lost its glow, and felt still, and cold, and desolate as before. He had heard them all, all the little voices one after another; he was certain that his ear had not missed a single sound; but it had recognised no one that was familiar to it, no music like that it craved; no, nothing like it; for among the sounds of earth there was no resemblance to the sweet, low music of that one voice for which his soul, rather than his sense, was evermore listening night and day, in the wild visions of sleep, as in the desert haunts the (to him) unpeopled streets of the thronged and tumultuous city.

But might there not be among the crowd of happy faces round the table, one silent child, one sad quiet gazer, one pale and gentle-bearer of happiness in which she couldn't entirely participate, although she could not quite shut the sense of it from her heart, one whose breathings were of stifled regret more than of active joy, of fear, surprise, and thoughts of tears shed recently, and to be shed again too soon, rather than of pleasure in the ride and novel liveliness of the scene. It was foolish, very foolish, he knew; it was vain and useless; yet something, it seemed to be a whisper in his heart, told him it might be. Should he knock; and pray, not in the name of humanity, but of Heaven that put divinity in it, for the charity of a kind answer to one fond and silly question? Should he risk the sharp repulse, and trust for his excuse to those beautiful sympathies, to those exquisite emotions of nature, which linking the old to the young, parents and children, in that common dwelling, were converting it into a temple of concord, charity, and love?

Such were his thoughts; though they wore, as they awoke within him, a homelier garb. He set down on the door-step to wait. After a time, a coach came for some of the children; he saw them, one by one, but they were strangers. Half a dozen went, and then more. He scanned their features as though he half-hoped to see some face he knew. At last all were gone. The fancy that even into that fold of luxury (compared with his own home,) amongst that gay and fortunate flock, one shorn lamb might have strayed and found shelter, was indeed idle. The door closed, driving the shivering old man upon that desolate prospect and despairing task, from which he had been thus attracted by sudden pangs of childish laughter, and the associations to which they had given rise.

Now once more he journeyed onward. * * * * * He bent his steps (the clock warning him it was near daybreak) to his wretched home, in one of the poorest districts of Westminster. Advanced but a little way, he stopped to make one final trial with the friendly chalk, the last piece of which was now reduced to a size so small, that it was difficult he could hold it. It crumbled away before he could finish the few words. * * * * * When once more the long-darting rays of a lantern were turned upon him, a strong hand had dragged him over the mass of rubbish, and hurried him, spent and exhausted, to the nearest station-house.

The next morning he was carried rather than led before a magistrate. The charge against him was established; he had been detected chalking on walls and doors, and qualifying himself for the House of Correction. Thither he was about to be committed, when it occurred to the magisterial mind that the culprit might have been the constable to whom he had given his name of having left his little child; his grand-child least-way. * * * * * His story was told in a few simple words.

"I don't think it was treason," said one of the constables—'cause he don't seem quite right in his mind. He complains of having lost his little child; his grand-child least-way. * * * * * His story was told in a few simple words.

The child's mother, his only daughter, had deserted him before she was seventeen years old. A vicious life ended in a miserable death; but in the midst of that vice and misery grew into being that delicate flower of humanity, which he had hoped so long as he drew Heaven's breath, to guard from the rude storms of the world. More, far

to a descent, we sat down on the snow shoes, holding them together behind, and skating along with great velocity, often meeting some obstruction in the way and rolling over and over to the bottom; then we lay buried in the snow, till, with ludicrous difficulty we struggled out again. * * *

After about eighteen miles journey, we struck on another frozen river; the guide turned down its bed about a hundred yards to the west, then threw his burthen aside, and told us we were at the place of stopping that night, and within two miles of the 'Ravage,' or Moose yard of which we were in search.

These animals sometimes remain in the same 'ravage' for weeks together, till they have completely bared the trees of bark and young branches, and then only move away far enough to obtain a fresh supply; from this lazy life they become very fat at this time of the year. Our cabin was formed, and the evening passed much as the preceding one, but that the cold was not so severe. Having worn off the novelty of the situation, we composed ourselves quietly to read for some time, and after that slept very soundly.

The morning was close and louring, and the snow began to fall thickly when we started for the 'ravage,' with four of the Indians, and all the dogs; the fresh-falling snow on our snow shoes made the walking very heavy; it was also shaken down upon us from the branches above, when we had to touch them, and, soon melting, wetted us. The temperature being unusually high that day, in a short time the locks of our guns were the only things dry about us. The existence, however, kept us warm, for we saw occasionally the deep track of the Moose in the snow, and the marks of their teeth on the bark and branches of the trees. These symptoms became more apparent as we approached the bottom of a high steep hill; the dogs were sent on ahead, and, in a few minutes, all gave tongue furiously in every variety of barking, yapping, and barking. By this time the snow had been somewhat falling, and we were able to see some distance in front.

We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of several Moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a stand still; and, as we emerged from a thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large Moose, barking furiously, but not daring to approach them. The little creature had been aware of our coming, and had been falling, and we were able to see distance in front.

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